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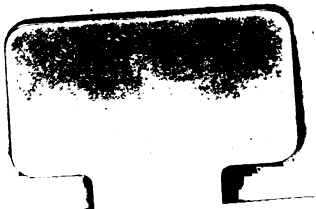

# *ALBION* Reſtored,

OR

# *Time* turned Oculiſt:

A

# MASQUE.

Aron. 28.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

*Grey bearded* Time *hath got the key,*
*And in his pocket lodg'd it;*
*As ſoon as e'er he gives it me,*
*I'll certainly divulge it.*

*LONDON:*
Printed for J. SEYMOUR, in *Ball-Alley*, near *George-Yard*, *Lombard-Street*, M.DCC.LVIII.

TO THE

GRAND PRESIDENT,

THE

PRESIDENTS and OFFICERS,

AND TO

THE BRETHREN in GENERAL,

OF THE

LAUDABLE ORDER of

ANTI-GALLICANS,

THIS MASQUE

IS HUMBLY DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHOR,

A True ANTI-GALLICAN.

## Dramatis Perſonæ.

ALBION.

MINERVA.

FAME.

SAGE.

FORTUNE.

TIME.

COMUS.

BACCHUS.

*Aerial Spirits.*

*Bacchanals.*

# ALBION Reſtored,

## OR

# Time turned Oculiſt.

### SCENE I.

*A rocky cliff with a view of the ocean.*

ALBION *diſcovered ſitting in a melancholy poſture. She riſes.*

*RECITATIVE.*

ALBION.

HOW long ſhall I diſtreſt with conſtant care,
Thus wander, penſive, wretched and forlorn?
How long ſhall GAUL's proud ſons my honours ſhare,
And laugh my former glories into ſcorn?

Ye

Ye floods where once my ſons ſuperior rode,
In arms ne'er tardy, nor to conqueſt ſlow;
Who chas'd injuſtice from her curs'd abode,
With deaf'ning thunder aw'd the trembling foe,
Bear witneſs now, oh ſee the fatal change!
Their laurels fade, their ancient ſpirits gone,
Whilſt wild deſtruction takes her bloody range,
See me deſerted, baſely left alone!

MINERVA *deſcends.*

*RECITATIVE.*

MINERVA.

ALBION behold! MINERVA now appears,
To ſooth thy woes, and dry up all thy tears,
To point the way to happineſs and peace,
Redreſs thy wrongs, and bid thy troubles ceaſe.

ALBION.

Oh great MINERVA! if thou canſt reſtore
The ancient ſpirit of my ſons once more,
ALBION again her wretched head ſhall rear,
Again rejoice, and baniſh ev'ry fear.

MINERVA.

MINERVA.

Almighty JOVE will grant thy juſt deſire,
Re-animate thy ſons with martial fire!
But ſee the cauſe thy ſons degen'rate prove,
The fatal ſource from whence thy ſorrows move.

*Enter* COMUS *and his companions, and* BACCHUS *attended by bacchanals.*

*AIR.*

BACCHUS.

COMUS kindly lead the way,
To joy and pleaſure give the day:
The day's inſipid robb'd of thee,
Thou ſoul of mirth and jollity.

CHORUS *of Bacchanals.*

The day's inſipid robb'd of thee, *&c.*

[*Exeunt.*

*RECITATIVE.*

MINERVA.

Theſe are thy ſons, and theſe their baſe deſires,
Virtue is fled, extinguiſh'd all her fires!

By

By ſuch as theſe, ne'er hope renown to gain,
While thus to vice they give the willing rein.

ALBION.

Alas! I ſee, with grief and anger ſee,
My ſons debas'd, and ripe for miſery!
But thy fair promiſe ſounds ſtill in my ears,

MINERVA.

All-pitying JOVE beholds thy flowing tears;
By his command I now point out to thee,
The only way to Peace and Victory:

Long in a dull and dreary barren wild,
A Sage, by envy's fatal pow'r beguil'd,
Has been enchain'd, in her baſe fetters bound,
No friendly aid to raiſe him from the ground:
JOVE has in him beſtow'd ſuperior ſkill,
He knows the fatal ſource of ev'ry ill;
He knows the way thy glory to regain,
And by his aid thou ſhalt be bleſt again.

ALBION.

Oh! lead, with joy thy ſteps I will attend,
And to the Sage my beſt aſſiſtance lend:

All

All-gracious JOVE has heard my ſuppliant pray'r,
And guards his ALBION with peculiar care.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The Scene opens and diſcovers a Temple.*

BACCHUS *ſeated on his tun, with his Bacchanals ſurrounding him.*

COMUS *is brought in by ſome of* BACCHUS's *companions, and preſented to* BACCHUS.

COMUS *bows to all.*

*AIR.*

BACCHUS.

While the happy minutes paſs,
While we quaff the mantling glaſs,
None ſo happy are as we,
None ſo jovial, briſk and free.

[COMUS *kneels and* BACCHUS *gives him his goblet.*]

BACCHUS.

What cannot this juice inſpire?
Love and courage, gay deſire
Dance and ſkip around the brim,
Sorrow durſt not venture in.
[COMUS *drinks and returns the goblet.*]

*AIR.*

COMUS.

Thus jovial and free
Let's united agree
To caſt away ſorrow and care;
Ne'er think of to-morrow,
This moment we'll borrow,
Of joy let us each take a ſhare.

Then ye mortals be wiſe,
Grave notions deſpiſe,
That forbid us to laugh and to drink;
Such *choice ſpirits* as we,
Will for ever be free,
'Tis a toil and a madneſs to think.

CHORUS.

Such *choice ſpirits* as we, *&c.*

*AIR.*

*AIR.*

*A* BACCHANAL.

Love and mirth, and wine uniting,
Fills our ſouls with joys ſublime;
Lur'd by pleaſures ſo inviting,
Who would grudge to ſpend his time?

Snarling cynicks that deſpiſe us,
Yet in ſecret court the bliſs,
May with ſober face adviſe us,
Liking what they call amiſs.

But we boldly take our pleaſure,
And deſpiſe their empty rules;
Fill up all our joyous meaſure,
Laugh at ſuch diſſembling fools.

GRAND CHORUS.

But we boldly take our pleaſure, *&c.*

[*The bacchanals and* COMUS*'s companions perform a dance with goblets in their hands.*]

[BACCHUS *nods over his tun.*]

[*The bacchanals at the end of the dance grow tipſy, and run againſt one another*]

[BACCHUS *and* COMUS *riſe and with their companions ſtagger off the ſtage.*]

## SCENE III.

*The Sage is diſcovered chained in a cave.*

*Enter* ALBION *and* MINERVA.

MINERVA.

See, ALBION, where, extended on the ground,
The Sage is laid, in cruel fetters bound;
Unlooſe his chains and with them burſt thy own,
His aid ſhall fix thee firmly on the throne;
With warlike ſpirit ſhall thy ſons inſpire,
Once more re-kindle virtue's ſacred fire!

[ALBION *looſes the Sage.*]

ALBION.

Riſe injured man, from envy's bands ſet free,
I view a genius and a friend in thee.

SAGE.

If JOVE, who thus has ſet me free, ordains
That I ſhould break great ALBION's heavy chains;

The

The mighty honour I'll with joy embrace,
And prove the future guardian of her race.

ALBION.

COMUS with all his revel riot reigns,
In FORTUNE's court and leads my ſons in chains;
Stupid, enervate, all the miſpent day,
They waſte their time, and dream their hours away;
Be this thy care to drive them forth with ſpeed,
Pleas'd will MINERVA aid thee in the deed.

SAGE.

With joy I go thy ſorrows to redreſs,
And with MINERVA doubt not ſure ſucceſs.

*RECITATIVE.*

MINERVA.

Hail ye ſweet harmonious ſpheres,
That charm immortals liſt'ning ears;
Now your ſoothing power diſplay
To drive my ALBION's cares away.

*ſoft muſick.*

*AIR.*

*AIR.*

MINERVA.

Bright inhabitants of air,
Ever happy, ever free;
You, who know no grief nor care,
Swift deſcend, deſcend to me.

Your tranſparent forms prepare,
Deck'd with robes of ſhining light,
Cleave the ſweet ætherial air,
T'give my ALBION ſoft delight.

[*Spirits deſcend, and perform a dance.*]

*AIR.*

Firſt SPIRIT.

ALBION now no longer languiſh,
Rack'd by ſorrow and diſmay,
Quickly Heav'n ſhall eaſe thy anguiſh,
Chace thy ev'ry care away.

Guardian ſpirits hover round you,
To keep thee ſtill from danger free;
Fear no ill that may ſurround you,
Still we're nigh to ſuccour thee.

*Chorus.*

*Chorus of Spirits.*

Fear no ill that may ſurround, *&c.*

[*Aſcend.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

## SCENE IV.

*The Temple of* FORTUNE.

FORTUNE *ſeated on her wheel; ſurrounded by* COMUS, BACCHUS, *and their companions, &c.*

*The Sage enters with* MINERVA.

COMUS *&c. kneel to* FORTUNE.

*AIR.*

COMUS.

Great FORTUNE thus beneath thy ſhrine.
We bow, and own thy power divine,
Our queen, our goddeſs prove;
From thee rich gifts for ever flow,
Thy bleſſings then on us beſtow,
Let us thy favour move. CHO-

CHORUS.

Queen of bleſſings here below,
We thy humble ſuppliants bow

[FORTUNE *beſtows her favours around, at laſt crowns* FOLLY *with a laurel crown.*]

TIME *deſcends.*

*AIR.*

TIME.

Great FORTUNE ſhall beſtow no more,
Laurel crowns on every fool;
This juice her ſight ſhall ſoon reſtore,
Her future gifts ſhall reaſon rule.

[TIME *advances with a vial, and applies the juice to* FORTUNE's *eyes.*]

[FORTUNE *ſuddenly ſees, plucks with rage the crown from* FOLLY's *head, and, together with* TIME, *&c. drives* COMUS, BACCHUS, *&c. off the ſtage.*]

*AIR.*

*AIR.*

TIME.

Ye ſons of freedom riſe,
From drowſy ſlumbers wake!
The Gallic chain deſpiſe,
Your honour's now at ſtake.

Let thirſt of fame your boſoms fill,
Great ALBION's ſons ſhall conquer ſtill.

Long hath their tow'ring pride,
Aſpir'd to rule the main;
Our fertile lands divide,
Deſpotic pow'r maintain.

Unite, aſſert your ancient claim,
Still ALBION's ſons are dear to fame.

Stern NEPTUNE vows with ſcorn,
(For Gaul's inſulting boaſts)
Their ſpoils ſhall ſoon adorn
Fair ALBION's happy coaſts.

Glory each free born breaſt ſhall fill,
And ALBION's ſons ſhall conquer ſtill.

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE V.

*The magnificent temple of* FAME.

*Enter* ALBION, MINERVA, FORTUNE, *and attendants.*

FAME *deſcends from her throne to meet them.*

### *DUETT.*

MINERVA.

The glorious minute now draws near,
When ALBION's foes no more ſhall boaſt;
No more ſhall fill her ſons with fear,
Nor dare inſult her happy coaſt.

FAME.

Great NEPTUNE ſhall his empire ſhare,
With ALBION, and reſounding fame

Shall

Shall ſpread around through earth and air,
Her mighty deeds and glorious name.

MINERVA.

Her ſons by virtue then inſpir'd,
Shall future fields of glory gain,
Reſtore the fame they once acquir'd,
And o'er their foes triumphant reign.

[*Shouts at a diſtance.*]

[*The Sage enters at the head of a company of Young Men armed, leading in the Genius of* France *in chains.*]

[*The Sage kneels to* ALBION ]

*RECITATIVE.*

SAGE.

Once more thy ſons have tam'd the haughty GAUL,
Beneath their arms their foes enervate fall;
Bound faſt in chains the Gallic Genius ſee,
ALBION's reſtor'd to Peace and Liberty!

ALBION.

Hail, pitying JOVE! with grateful joy I own
Thy mighty aid hath ſav'd my tott'ring throne.
Thou faithful man, thy fortitude and ſkill,
Has ſtem'd the torrent of oppreſſive ill;
[*To the Sage.*
Has ſingly dar'd to ſtand in virtue's cauſe,
Thy merit juſtly claims from all applauſe:
Accept the honours ALBION's pow'r can give,
Thy name and virtues both immortal live!

[FAME *and* FORTUNE, *at* ALBION's *command, crown the Sage with a laurel crown.*

[*Through a viſto is diſcovered* ENVY, *ſhe ſtabs herſelf, and falls from a rock into the ſea.*]

*One of the Young Men ſings:*

*AIR.*

Hail glorious LIBERTY! inſpire
Our ſouls with thine immortal flame!

Fill

Fill all our breaſts with big deſire
To win eternal wreaths of fame.

In thy defence to live or die,
Be this our glory, this our aim,
For thee, we death with ſcorn defy,
Thou art the higheſt joy we claim.

CHORUS.

For thee we death with ſcorn defy, *&c.*

*RECITATIVE.*

MINERVA.

ALBION again reſtor'd to joy and peace,
Be now thy care theſe bleſſings to increaſe,
Let COMMERCE ſtill thy happy borders know,
That ſource from whence alone thy bleſſings flow;
Force her no more by threats to leave thy ſhore,
Recall her back to bleſs thy ſons once more;
Cheriſh this maid, her ſafety be thy care,
For by her aid thou boundleſs wealth ſhall ſhare;

Fix'd

Fix'd by her power thy peace ſhall ne'er remove,
Remoteſt realms ſhall court great ALBION's love

ALBION.

To mighty Jove our altars now ſhall ſmoke,
While humbly we'll his future aid invoke;
Loud ſhouts of joy from ev'ry tongue ſhall riſe,
And incenſe breathe its odours to the ſkies,

*AIR.*

*One of the young men.*

Party rage and diſcord ceaſe,
Spread no more thy baleful pow'r;
But to everlaſting peace,
Conſecrate each future hour.

GRAND CHORUS.

Freedom alone expands the ſoul,
And crowns with joy the ſparkling bowl.

[*The young warriors perform a dance, and in a warlike manner claſh their ſhields.*]
[*The dance ended, the curtain falls.*]

*FINIS.*